Ah how from you could fancy range ?
From you still charming, still the same,
Who sees you once, that *once may* change,
Then rests ; nor feels another flame—
Black eyes are beautiful, 'tis true ;
Give me the *lovely, loving blue.* F.

FROM CERVANTES.

Mother ! with watchful eye you strive,
My freedom to restrain,
But know, *unless I guard myself,*
Your guard will be but vain.
It has been said, and reason's voice
Confirms the ancient lay,
Still will confinement's rigid hand,
Enflame the wish to stray.
Love once oppress'd will soon increase,
And strength superior gain ;
'Twere better far, believe my voice,
To give my will the rein,
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

For her who will not guard herself,
No other guard you'll find
Cunning and fear will weak be found
To chain the active mind.
Though Death himself should bar the way,
His menace I'd disdain,
Then, learn, that till I guard myself,
Your guard *will still* be vain.

The raptur'd heart which once has felt,
A sense of love's delight ;
Flies, like the moth's impetuous wing,
To find the taper's light ·
A thousand guards, a thousand cares,
Will ne'er the will restrain,
For if I do not guard myself,
All other guards are vain.

Such is the all controuling force,
Of love's resistless storm,
It gives to beauty's fairest shape,
The dire Chimera's form
To wax the melting breast it turns,
Flame o'er the cheek is spread ,
With hand of wool, she opes the door,
On felt, the footsteps tread.

Then try no more with fruitless care
My wishes to restrain ;
For if I do not guard myself,
Your guard will be but vain.

LE VER A SOIL.

LE ver a soil est, a mes yeux.
L'etre dont le sort vaut le mieux,
Il travaille dans la jeunesse
Il dort dans la maturite ;
Il meurt, enfin, dans la viellesse ;
Au comble de la volupté.

Notre sort est bien different,
Il ya toujeurs en empirant ,
Quelques plaisirs, dans la jeunesse ;
Des soins, dans la maturité ;
Tous les malheurs dans la viellesse,
Puis la peur de l'Eternite.

A Translation Requested.

I drain the cup of woe each night,
To the last drop in vain ;
For when Aurora spreads her light,
I find it full again.

CHANSON DE MARIE STEWART REINE D'ECOSSE, EN PARTANT DE CALAIS POUR LONDRES.

ADIEU ! Plaisant Pais de France,
O ma Patrie, la plus cherie !
Qui a nourrit ma jeune enfance,
Adieu France, adieu mes beaux jours!
La nef que dejoint nos amours,
N'a cy de moi que la moitie,
Une part te reste, elle est tienne ;
Je la fie á ton amitie,
Pour que l'autre il te souvienne.

Translation.

ADIEU, fair France, farewell to thee,
In near degree, more dear to me,
Than place of my nativity !

O Nurse ! that hush'd my infant fears,
I bathe thy bosom, with my tears,
And bid farewell to happy years !

Adieu, adieu, this vessel's roll,
Divides the body from the soul,
France keep the half, well worth the whole.

And what shall then remain with me ?
Nothing unless the memory
Of what I lost, fair France, in thee.

A better Translation.

AH pleasant land of France, farewell,
My country dear,
Where many a year,
Of early youth, I lov'd to dwell,
Farewell, for ever, happy days !
The ship which parts our loves, conveys
But half of me, one half behind,
I leave with thee, dear France, to prove
A token of our endless love,
And bring the other to my mind.

LA NUIT.

O NUIT, que tu me semblez belle
Lorsque, sous tes voiles epais
J'allais jurer d'etre a jamais
Plus amoureux, et plus fidelle

Combien je redoutais le jour,
Quand celle que mon ame adore,
Me permittait jusqu' a l'aurore,
De lui parler de mon amour.

Moins timide alors, moins severe,
Elle osait dire, sans rouger,
CE qu' a peine elle osait sentir
Des qu'elle voyait la lumiere.

Translation Attempted.

O NIGHT, thy enemies declare
Thee *dark*, to me supremely fair,
While truth desires to be more true,
And love vows double love to you.

How do I dread the morning's eyes,
When beneath night's dear disguise,
Love throws aside all other screen,
And favours felt need not be seen!

Then fearful, less, then less severe,
Each soft persuasion wins the ear:
But should Aurora's blushes break,
A kindred blush illumes her cheek,
Love now may sigh, *'twere vain to speak.*

MR. NECKER.

AGIOTEUR adroit, Ministre sans moyen,
De rien il fit de l'or, et d'un Empire rien.

Mr. *Pitt.*

The flame of England's glory, thro' him was chang'd to vapour,
He found it full of gold, and he left it full—of paper.

**From a young man of Philadelphia, to the Principal of the Society called Dunkers,† in consequence of a visit he had, paid him, and the conversation which had passed between them at that time.*

THE eternal God from his exalted throne
Surveys at once earth, heaven, and worlds unknown,
All things that are before his piercing eye,
Like the plain tracings of a picture lie:
Unuttered thoughts, deep in the heart concealed,
In strong expressions stand to him reveal'd,
Thousands and twice ten thousands every day
To him, or feign'd, or real homage pay,
Like clouds of incense rolling to the skies
In various forms their supplications rise;
Their various forms to him no access gain
Without the heart's true incense, all are vain;
The suppliant's secret motives there appear
The genuine source of every offered prayer,
Some place religion on a throne superb,
And deck with jewels her resplendent garb;
Painting and sculpture all their powers display,
And lofty tapers shed a lambent ray,
High on the full toned organ's swelling sound
The pleasing anthem floats serenely round,
Harmonic strains then thrilling powers combine
And lift the soul to extacy divine.
In Ephrata's deep gloom, you fix your seat,
And seek religion in the dark retreat,
In sable weeds you dress the heaven-born maid,
And place her pensive in the lonely shade;
Recluse, unsocial, you, your hours em ploy,
And fearful, banish every harmless joy,
Each may admire and use their favourite form,
If Heaven's own flame their glowing bosoms warm,
If love divine of God and man be there,
The deep-felt want that forms the ardent prayer,
The grateful sense of blessings freely given
The boon unsought, unmerited of Heaven;
'Tis true devotion, and the Lord of love
Such prayers and praises kindly will approve,
Whether from golden altars they arise,
And rapt in sound, and incense reach the skies,
Or from your Ephrata so meek, so low,
In soft and silent aspirations flow.
Oh! let the Christian bless that glorious day
When useless forms shall all be done away,
When we in spirit and in truth alone
Shall bend O, God! before thy awful throne,
And thou-our purer worship shall approve,
By sweet returns of everlasting love.

* On looking over some manuscripts given me by a departed relative, among other (to me) valuable productions, I found the above poetic piece. I am not sure whether it ever appeared in print, but am inclined to think the contrary. If the pure and mild spirit of christian charity which breathes in every line, was more generally inculcated and attended to—all the petty and acrimonious distinctions, which at present exist among professing christians would be done away, *each* might then use that form of worship most consonant to his ideas, without running the risk on *that account* of being branded with the odious epithets of Orange man, or United men, terms which only tend to alienate the affections of those who ought to live in amity with each other——we would not then hear of a corps of Yeomanry laying down their arms and refusing to obey their captain, because *six* individuals of it (though otherwise unexceptionable characters) thought it right to say their prayers in a different form from the rest.

When will Irishmen be awakened to their true interests?—or politicians and patriots made sensible, that in unanimity consist the strength, safety and happiness of a nation.——If through the medium of your valuable publication, even one proselyte should be gained to liberality of sentiment, it will impart a pleasing reflection to your well wishing reader,

HUMANUS.

† A religious sect of people whose principles and manners are very singular, they reside at Ephrata, a little village about a day's journey from Philadelphia.

ODE;

By the late Miss Ryves.

WHAT constitutes a man?
Nothigh rais'd titles nor possessions wide,